



HART TAKING THE FIGHT OUT OF JOHNSON WHO WAS CONSIDERED THE CLEVEREST BIG MAN IN THE RING TO DAY.



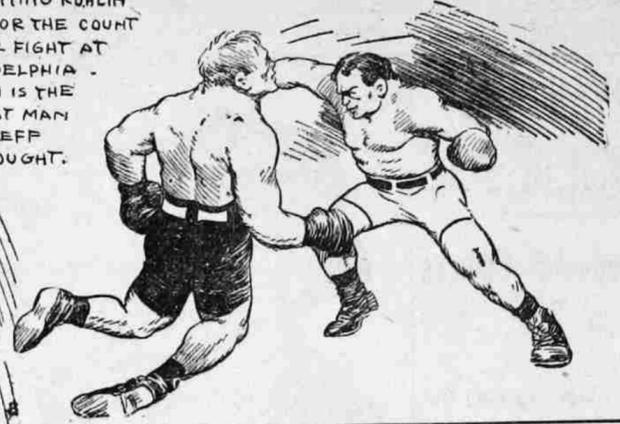
HART HEIGHT 5FT 11 1/2 WEIGHT 195 LBS.

JEFFRIES HEIGHT 6FT 1 1/2 WEIGHT 215 LBS.

PUGILISTS COMPARED.

The general opinion of sports is that Hart is too small to meet Jeffries. How Hart compares in size with Jeffries, and sketches of him in action.

HART PUTTING RUHLIN DOWN FOR THE COUNT IN THEIR FIGHT AT PHILADELPHIA. RUHLIN IS THE BIGGEST MAN THAT JEFF EVER FOUGHT.



CHAMPIONS IN STREET FIGHT

Don't Shine When They Meet Novices.

Our Old Friend John L. Is a Fine Case to the Point.

There Are Others, Among Them Ruby Robert, He of Freckles, and Mitchell.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 1.—The story relating how the late Dan Mills put Bob Fitzsimmons out in the barroom of Green's hotel in Philadelphia has recalled other stories of occasions where novices have knocked out champion pugilists.

Charley Mitchell was for a season the star attraction in the Thatcher, Primrose and West minstrel show. He went on after the first part and did Ajax defying the lightning, the Greek faun pitching quoits, the Roman gladiator facing the lions. Among the minstrels of minor importance was a clog dancer named Branscombe, a Lancashire boy, who always wanted to put the gloves on with Charley. But Charley treated his countryman with the serene contempt that a star displays toward a smaller actor, until one day, here in Buffalo, he told the ambitious youth to stick to his milk bottle, that he had no time to fool with him. The insult roused.

The succeeding week at Detroit, on the opening night, Branscombe boldly walked on the stage when Mitchell was posing as the prize fighter and smashed him in the face. There was an uproar all over the house. Mitchell was surprised, even dumfounded, and the clog dancer put it to him half a dozen times before he collected himself. Auditors, minstrel men and stage hands strove to separate the combatants. Finally they got the men apart, Branscombe yelling: "What, ye cockney stuff! Tell me to stick to my milk bottle!" Mitchell had both eyes blackened and the Lancashire lad's injuries consisted of a bloody nose. However, they thought it well to convey Branscombe to Canada, where the next morning he lost his life in an accident on the Great Western railway.

Habit With John L. John L. Sullivan has been whipped when a number of times very effectively in Boston by a waiter who threw off his apron and said: "You can lick a woman, but you can't lick a man. Come on." John rushed in blind rage at his sober and clear-headed antagonist, who side-stepped and hit him under the ear, and each time the champion arose dropped him again.

John was partner in a minstrel show about the time Mitchell was with Thatcher, Primrose and West doing the same stunts as Mitchell, that is, when he was sober enough. Usually both of these men were ardently sought out by the saloonkeepers of the cities they visited to form an attraction which never failed to draw custom to their houses. The sportily inclined men regarded it as a distinction and then there were the gamblers who always preyed upon the "nigger minstrels." So John L. had little chance of escaping from the temptation of his besetting sin. One of John's duties was to be interviewed, and the press agent's business was to see that John was sober and dignified at such times. It is needless to say that the press agent's job was not a sinecure, and the free-handed writers of the West, especially, did not hesitate to tell that they occasionally found John speechless. In Chicago this happened, and a writer on the Herald made a scathing attack on inebriety as illustrated by John's particular case.

Slapped His Face. Then John went looking for the author. He ran him down in Chapin & Gore's in Monroe street. The reporter was a clean-limbed boy from Ann Arbor and Sullivan began by slapping his face. The young man coolly laid off his coat and vest and set about the champion in the most astonishing way. He did not himself escape unscathed, for the prize fighter hit him once so hard that he fell nearly twenty feet away, but he got up, stood to his work and finally Sullivan was knocked against a table, with, striking his head, stunned and the victory of the newspaper man was complete.

In the traditions of St. Louis there is the story of Mike McCool, the heavy-weight, who kept a saloon in Fifth street, being beaten unconscious by a man with a wooden leg. Jack Dempsey was done up by an undergraduate from Yale in a railroad car. Kilrain was whipped to a standstill by James Bussey, a political hooier in Baltimore, in a fair, stand-up fight, when both men were sober. Barney Aaron, in his red and yellow leat, drifted into the House

of Lords in Mulberry street and remarked that he was a fighter. In two minutes he changed his mind. One of the surest ways to get a licking is to go into a belligerent neighborhood and simply say you can fight a little. The neighborhood will take care of the rest. Jule Keen, treasurer of the Wild West show, tells of an experience which illustrates this.

Fought a Bear. In his early life Keen was an actor and played a piece in which he overcame a bear. The bear was no "prop" creature, but a big, burly animal whose toes had to be clipped and his jaws muzzled before going on for the act. Even then the bear was a serious antagonist, and they kept a group of stage hands in the wings to make it break away when it took Keen in his arms. Keen was playing to big audiences down at the Windsor theater, one night after the show, feeling tuned up after a lively scrap with the bear, he started out to "set them up for the boys." He found a group of them in a saloon, and as they drank he became boastful about his prowess with the bear—and also with reference to the others.

"It was a good thing for me as it turned out," says Keen in telling the story. "When I left the hospital I was unable to act, and never have acted since. I had to seek other employment, and I have been with Buffalo Bill for a number of years. I have no stage aspirations nor do I ever mention in mixed company that I used to fight the bear."

Edwards Got His. Once Billy Edwards, who was for a long time the polite and even-tempered "chucker out" at the Hoffman house, was whipped by a tramp. The fellow, whose appearance indicated that he had no regard for the hotel, sided up to the cheese and cracker dishes, which at that hour of the day, formed the only free lunch provided at this bar, and began the task of eating their contents with an avidity which promised empty platters at an early moment. The barkeeper observed the ragged patron with disfavor, but, following the rule of the house, said nothing. Just then Edwards strayed into the bar. With a significant nod of the head the barkeeper indicated the stranger, and Billy diplomatically approached him and suggested that if he had finished his meal it would be as well to pass on, as they were going to hold a prayer meeting.

"Why, Billy, you wouldn't throw me out would you?" asked the tramp. "No, but you'll have to go," replied Edwards. "Well, yes, I will, but not until I have done you up," replied the vagabond, and with the quickness of a flash he landed on Billy's jaw, knocking him down and out.

Clymer's Bad Hand. Otis Clymer, during a fanning bee, displayed two hands, one of which was the first of a bad hand. "See these scars," he asked. Well, I got 'em in a funny way. One day I was enjoying the services of a monkey attached to a hand organ. Finally I stuck out the first finger of my right hand—put it against the nose of the monk—and the pesky little animal tried to make a meal of it. The monkey had a drug store I had the injury cauterized and wrapped up. Coming out again I met a friend who had become interested in the capers of the monkey. He asked me what my monkey had done to my hand and I told him. Then I said I would show him how it had happened. Extending the first finger of my left hand in the direction of the Simian, I said: "It was pointing at the monk just like this when he took my finger between his teeth." That was as far as I got, for before I had finished that blanked little critter had my other hand in his mouth and had bitten it. I came out again with my handaged hands in my pockets, but I did not stop to tell any of my friends of my troubles. Ever since then I have given other grinders and their monkeys a wide berth. The monkey pointed at the fingers to suit me, and, besides, a ball-player needs his fingers in his business.

Hatching a Wild Fowl. Will wonders never cease? Surely there can be nothing surprising under the sun when a man utterly annihilates space, compresses time, tames seemingly ungovernable elements, and even usurps the prerogatives of nature itself to serve his convenience and pleasure! There's opportunity for volumes in the thought, but the reader is spared the burden and the writer the work with the mere suggestion that the incubator is not the least significant of some of our modern inventions. Of course, it ruthlessly tears away from one of our most respected domestic fowls the great prerogative of motherhood, but it compensates, in a way, by relieving her of a few weeks of tedious waiting and reflection. Besides, it does the business satisfactorily, and that is what this commercial age demands.

It has remained for a Wisconsin association, however, to put the incubator to a unique use—hatching wild fowl for hunting purposes. The idea is all right. We have State fish hatcheries, why not State wild fowl hatcheries?

Experiments conducted so far show that the scheme is altogether feasible, and, this being so, a great opportunity is open for sportsmen. Every man can be his own game producer. Just as some genius discovers a method of manufacturing eggs, thereby insuring a safe supply, the scheme will be complete.

Kid Pants should be able to get a match at the Knickerbocker Athletic club.

Old Empire Tells of His Troubles

Hardest and Meanest Position in Our National Game, Says J. E. Johnston.

J. E. Johnston—"An umpire has a sort of judicial position. He has to make a decision, but he's got to hand it down in a flash instead of taking three weeks off, as a judge does, to consider the point in case. What's more, he's got to leave aside all questions of personal feeling and decide the case strictly on its merits. That's what makes a good umpire. A man who watches the ball every minute he's at work, who has a quick working mind and who gives his decisions as he thinks perfectly fair, will succeed. No other kind can. I had one unpleasant experience in the Southern league, but better discipline is maintained in that league under President Kavanaugh. The foul tips and passed balls that sometimes hit us are awful. Why, I've had the bones in my left ankle broken with a spent bat and the wind has been knocked out of me hundreds of times with a foul tip. They hit you all over and they come fast and hard. It's no joke. Sometimes you get hurt so badly in a game that you want to get a rest. But there's none for an umpire. No matter how sick you are, how badly you're hurt, he can't quit. That's where a player has it on him. But I want to say the umpiring is different now from what it was. With the president, the average league insisting that there shall be no rowdiness and lining obstreperous players, it's easier now. Besides, the ball players of today seem to be more sensible. The game is their business and they don't waste so much time kicking. They're very gentlemanly and, altogether, the average ball player of today is a lot easier to get on with. Being an umpire he has a lot of strange ideas. You take some decision that you make and you'll hear the grandstand or bleachers yell, 'Get a pair of specs!' 'Rotten!' 'Robber!' or something like that. Yet you'll hear these same bleachers sitting together talk about the same play and one'll say, 'He was out four feet,' another, 'I think he was just out,' while the third will be more likely to say, 'I thought he was safe.' Yet, if you make mistakes you get roasted. Another unpleasant thing is that you trail so much alone. You can't go around with the players, because you are apt to get into quarrels. You make a decision and you don't let it go and he'll harbor revenge for awhile. Now if you were in the same boat or traveling with the team, he'd probably say something and you'd get into a scarp. So the best thing is to keep by yourself. At that, I think the life's pretty good and as some fellow said, 'if you umpire for a year you're sure of heaven.' If you umpire in the old Southern league for two weeks you're certainly sure. So I have a chance on two counts."

Catcher, the Hub of a Team. Here is a question for those who follow baseball: What is the most important single position on the team? On stopping to think an answer one is apt to go wandering around in a ceaseless field of speculation, arriving seemingly at a reasonable conclusion only to have its foundation shaken by a thought that a winning team than any one else. He persistent reasoner will abandon the attempt to be explicit, with the conclusion that each position is alike important. But, for the sake of inducing thought on the abstract proposition, what objection is there to positively stating that the catcher, all things considered, is really the most important personage on the team? As Manager Hanlon once said: "The catcher of a baseball team is the hub on which the whole revolves and a cool, steady backstop will do more to make a winning team than any one else. He controls the situation and the other eight players look to him for inspiration. The pitcher is guided by him, and if the battery is working right the rest of the aggregation does likewise."

EARLY GAMES CRITICISED

Exchanges Comment Much on Subject.

Eastern Policy Hurts Game in the End With Fans.

Also Means Big Danger of Injuring Players Before Race Is On.

Ant the subject of ante-season series, as now given in the East, an exchange says: "The practice of playing spring series between rival clubs of the American and National leagues, which is kept up annually in St. Louis and Philadelphia, has no justification from the sportsman's standpoint, and owes its continuance wholly to the sordid fact that such games are considered a source of revenue to the club-owners implicated. Even this argument is not well grounded, for it is doubtful if the clubs make any real profit by these series in advance of the regular season. They may get hold of the fans' coin a fortnight or so earlier than otherwise, but it is not at all certain they get any more of it than if they waited for the championship schedule."

Whet Fans' Hunger. "There is no question but that these ante-season series take the edge off the appetites of baseball enthusiasts before the real feast begins. There is no doubt about the risk which club managers run in pitting their teams against strong rivals before their players are far enough advanced in condition to extend themselves safely. An accident to a valuable player in these exhibition games might militate greatly against the team's success in the subsequent pennant race. And, after all, the championship battle is the real event of the year. It should not be made a side issue in any sense of the word. Those statements are directed at the lack of wisdom which club-owners show in their selfish policy. It is pretty certain their greed overreaches itself, which has to do with the relations of the club participating in spring games with other clubs of their own league which do not play such games."

Openings Suffer. "The other six clubs in the American and as many of the National league share to some extent the lack of enthusiasm left for the championship season by spring interleague exhibitions in St. Louis and Philadelphia. The other clubs get absolutely none of the doubtful benefits derived from such games by the participating clubs. Cincinnati is encountering the pennant race in the same way by playing exhibition games with American league clubs. The real 'openings' in all three cities will suffer in consequence, and, in case of injury to a player or overwhelming defeat for any one of the teams, the effect may be felt all season. There cannot be too many interleague series in the fall, when they mean something and are a test of rival teams' playing strength. Instead of early condition only, but there should be the same opposition to interleague games in the spring as there is to exhibition games between clubs of the same league, and for exactly the same reasons."

This Pup Cost Several Dollars

Most Expensive Canine in World Due to Land Soon in America.

NEW YORK, April 8.—The costliest puppy in the world will arrive in this country from England in a few days, and be taken to his new home, the kennels at Greystone, the country place of Samuel Untermyer. Mr. Untermyer, a student at the Columbia law school, takes a keen interest in colts, and under his direction the Greystone kennels have become famous. The equipment includes a dog hospital, a dog kitchen and a variety of conveniences all designed for the comfort of the canine tenants. Mr. Untermyer has never seen the dog, and until yesterday had never even seen a photograph of his costly purchase; but he was familiar with the puppy's breed, show record and, on the advice of his English agent, bought the dog to add to his kennel of colts at Greystone. Southport Sculptor, was purchased a week ago by Mr. Untermyer for \$3500, the transaction being made by cable. Mr. Untermyer says he has never seen the dog, and until yesterday had never even seen a photograph of his costly purchase; but he was familiar with the puppy's breed, show record and, on the advice of his English agent, bought the dog to add to his kennel of colts at Greystone. Southport Sculptor is 19 months old, and is a son of Wislaw Leader and of Hilda of Moreton, both noted prize-winner. He is sable and white in color, and has won more blue ribbons than any colts of his age in the history of English bench shows. Special quarters are being prepared for him at Greystone. Mr. Untermyer's son, Harry Untermyer, a student at the Columbia law school, takes a keen interest in colts, and under his direction the Greystone kennels have become famous. The equipment includes a dog hospital, a dog kitchen and a variety of conveniences all designed for the comfort of the canine tenants.

FOR ALASKAN SCRAP.

Bishop Wants Joe Wolcott to Meet Bishop.

Billy Pierce of Boston has written to Billy Bishop, asking him to match Joe Wolcott with some good man in Alaska this summer. Bishop has had word from the club managers in the far North and he intends to make some good matches for them. Wolcott would be a big attraction up there, and as his hand has fully mended he will be in good shape to tackle some of the middle and heavy-weights in Dawson and Fairbanks. Bishop says he will endeavor to get Wolcott two or three matches, and it is possible that he may tackle the Black Demon along with him. One match that Bishop has in view for Fairbanks is a go between Aurelio Herrera and Eddie Hanlon. Hanlon has already written to Bishop giving his consent. Wolcott may be matched to meet Nick Burley.

Will Reorganize Army.

TEHERAN, Persia, April 8.—The Shah is going on a pilgrimage to Meshed, starting about April 23. The Gazetteer announces that the heir apparent, Mohammed Ali Mirza, will administer the government during his father's absence. The Imperial decree has been gazetted, ordering the reorganization of the Persian army, which, under the new scheme, will comprise two divisions each of 11,000 men of all arms.

Prominent Stockman Dead.

LEWISTON, Mont., April 8.—William Ferguson, one of the leading stockmen of northern Montana, is dead at his ranch home on Armalis creek. Mr. Ferguson was a native of Lanarkshire, Scotland, where he was born seventy-two years ago, and had been a resident of Ferguson county since 1881. He was the head of the firm of William Ferguson & Sons.

Officers May Fight.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 8, 4:35 p. m.—A sensational sequence to the newspaper campaign inaugurated by Capt. Clado (formerly Admiral Rojestevsky's chief tactician), against Vice-Admiral Avella (head of the Russian Admiralty department), and the general staff of the Admiralty may be a duel tomorrow between Clado and Capt. Zillotto, the aide of Admiral Avella.

Rough Sport May Become Criminal

Hockey and Lacrosse Players Ought to Try and Be Genuine Sportsmen, Not Rowdies.

Here's a little Chicago comment on an ugly Canadian game that sounds right: Recently in this column reference was made to the inadequate penalties prevailing in several branches of sport, notably ice hockey and lacrosse. Last week the grand jury at Montreal, Canada, found a true bill against a player of an opposing team. In its report the jury strongly condemns the growing tendency toward brutality in the famous Canadian game, and notes that in several branches of sport, rough and brutal players are lionized by hero worshippers. The court in its reply said that legislation might become necessary to make it possible to take into account players who were now penalized by being ruled off. This undoubtedly would be a radical remedy, but if the "rowdy" players cannot be suppressed by other means, then let them feel the tracks of the law. On many race tracks bad acting horses have to be schooled at the barrier, and it might be a good idea to establish a system of schooling for bad acting athletes. It would be foolish to expect the more strenuous forms of sport to be altogether free from friction, but the increase in roughness methods is only an indication of an increasing desire to win at all costs. Possibly the true spirit of sportsmanship is an inherited quality. While the schools are talking of abolishing some of the fads it would be well if more stress were laid upon playing fairly. Officials at athletic contests can do much to purify sport, but right spirit on the part of the players is the thing most to be desired.

As Others See Us.

The Northern Pacific league, of which Salt Lake City is a member, is involved in all kinds of worry. It will play an out-of-law league this year because it cannot receive protection from the national commission. It looks as if the commission had made a mistake and would do well to reconsider its decision. A baseball in the West is on a perilous footing, and some of the teams in this league may be able to take players from the Pacific league, which is protected.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Colleges May Play Soccer Football

Association Game Looks Like Corner in American Schools and Universities.

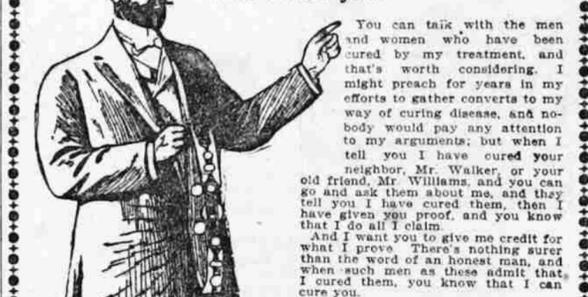
The meeting of Harvard and Haverford at association football at Cambridge last week, while seemingly of little importance, may in the future be referred to as the birth of the game in college circles. To thousands of people who know nothing but the intercollegiate form of game, the coming together of the two colleges means little, but to followers of the "soccer" code, especially those familiar with the growth of the game in Great Britain and Europe, it portends much. Thirty years ago in England there were three or four rugby clubs to one of association, whereas at the present time the association clubs predominate in the proportion of ten to one. To the soccer man in this country it means that before long the game so admirably adapted to the temperament of young America will become popular. Ten years ago the man with the golf sticks was an object of curiosity, now he is commonplace. Today the association football player is where the golfer was ten years ago. In another decade he will be well known.

And yet some persons maintain that mind is not neglected for muscle in our great colleges. Listen to this in a Chicago paper under a New York date line: "Columbia's football management has announced their plans for the coaching of the 'varsity' teams next fall."

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You can talk with the men and women who have been cured by my treatment, and that's worth considering. I might preach for years in my efforts to gather converts to my way of curing disease, and nobody would pay any attention to my arguments; but when I tell you I have cured your neighbor, Mr. Walker, or your old friend, Mr. Williams, and you go and ask them about me, and they tell you I have cured them, then I have given you proof, and you know that I do all I claim. And I want you to give me credit for what I prove. There's nothing surer than the word of an honest man, and when such men as these admit that I cured them, you know that I can cure you.

Here is Proof of My Arguments: Dr. McLaughlin. Dear Sir—Your Belt has proven entirely satisfactory in my case. Any one wishing to know of its merits can write me and I will gladly recommend it for the benefits I have derived from its use. Yours respectfully, LESTER FORBUSH, Robinson, Utah. Dr. McLaughlin. Dear Sir—I have worn your Belt for the last month and it has given me entire satisfaction. I am seventy years of age. I can do a good day's work, walk from six to ten miles, and come home at night feeling well and fresh. I will gladly recommend your Belt. Yours very truly, JESSE TVE, Fillmore City, Utah. Dr. McLaughlin. Dear Sir—I wish to say that I feel like a new man since wearing your Belt. In every way I feel like a new man. My Belt is number seven, and is giving good satisfaction. Yours respectfully, C. J. LEYLAND, Park City, Utah.

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